

*These Armes disarm'd us, and Rebel-
lion nurs'd;*



*'Tis not for Nothing They are now
Revers'd.*

S A T Y R

ON THE

ADULTERATE COYN

INSCRIBED

THE COMMON-WEALTH, &c.

That Common-wealth which was our Common-woe,
Did Stamp for Currant, That, which must not Goe:
Yet it was well to Passe, till Heaven thought meet
To shew both This, and That were Counterfeit.
Our Crosses were their Coyn! Their God our Hell!
Till Saviour Charles became Emanuel.
But now— The Devill take their God! Avaunt
Thou molten Image of the Covenant!
Thou lewd Impostor! State's, and Traffique's Sin!
A Brazen Bulk, fac'd with a Silver Skin!
Badge of Their Saints-Pretences, without doubt!
A Wolfe within, and Innocence without!
Like to Their Masqu'd Designs! Rebellion
Film'd with the Tinsell of Religion!
Metall on Metall, here, we may disclose;
Like Sear-cloth stript from Cromwell's Copper Nose.
Thou Bastard Relique of the Trayterous Crew!
A mere Invent, to Give the Devill's Due!
Or (as a Learned Modern Author sayth)

their Own Coyn, to Pay the Publique Faith! Vol. A3. C. 16.

Heavens! I thank you! that, in mine Extreme,
I never lov'd Their Mony More than Them!

Curs'd be those Wights! whose Godlinesse was Gain,
Spoyling Gods Image in Their Sovereign!
They made Our Angell's Evill! and 'tis known,
Their Crosse and Harp were Scandall to the CROWN.
Had, 'mongst the Jewes, Their Thirty Pence been us'd
When Judas truckt for's Lord, 't had bin refus'd.
Worse than that Coyn which our Boyes, Fibbs do call!
A Scottish Twenty-Pence is Worth them All!

To their eternal Shame, be't brought to th' Mint!
Cast into Medalls: and Their Names Stampt in't!
That Charon (when they come for Wastage ore)
May doubt his Fare, and make them wait on shore:
For, if Repentance ransome any thence,
Know! — Charles his Coyn must pay their Peter-Pence.

*Prima peregrinos obscena Pecunia mores
Intulit: Juv.*

Hen: Bold olim & N. C. Oxon.

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